

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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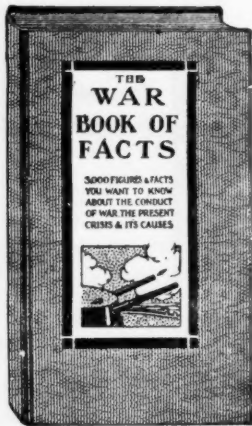
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## Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

BY CARNEADES, Junior,

appeared in THE ACADEMY as follows:

No. 1. Mr. Hall Caine (April 11). No. 2. Miss Marie Corelli (April 18). No. 3. Mr. Arnold Bennett (April 25). No. 4. Mr. H. G. Wells (May 2). No. 5. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (May 9). No. 6. Sir Rider Haggard (May 16). No. 7. Mr. Henry James (May 23). No. 8. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (May 30). No. 9. Mr. Thomas Hardy (June 6). No. 10. Mr. A. C. Benson (June 13). No. 11. Sir Gilbert Parker (June 20). No. 12. Viscount Morley (June 27). No. 13. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (July 4). No. 14. Mr. Archibald Marshall (July 11). No. 15. Mr. A. E. W. Mason (July 18). No. 16. Mr. E. Temple Thurston (July 25). No. 17. Mr. Maurice Hewlett (August 1). No. 18. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim (August 8). No. 19. Mr. Norman Angell (August 15). No. 20. Mr. John Galsworthy (August 22).

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By BART KENNEDY.

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## Notes of the Week

### A Glorious Chapter

ARMY and Navy have added a glorious chapter to British history in the past ten days. The thrilling story has been told with graphic simplicity by Lord Kitchener and the Press Bureau, and in somewhat lurid as well as ample detail by newspaper correspondents who gathered it from survivors and eye-witnesses. We should be sorry for any man of British blood who could read these narratives, official or otherwise, without emotion. The manner in which our gallant fellows at the front withstood thrice their numbers day by day, the daring of the cruisers, destroyers and submarines which under Rear-Admiral Beatty rounded up and disposed of the German force in the Bight of Heligoland, have proved once and for all that the old spirit survives. The twin canker of luxurious living and socialistic propaganda has not, as had been feared in many quarters, entered into the soul of British manhood. If our losses have been severe, those of the Germans, who, with machine-like persistence, attempted to overwhelm the little British army, must have been disproportionately heavy. Lord Kitchener has his organisation so well in hand that every gap has been filled, and General French and his splendid fellows are prepared for the next encounter "with undiminished strength and undaunted spirit."

### The Modern Attila

Stories of German barbarity are as terrible as anything in history. Some of them are incredible. Yet it is getting more and more difficult not to accept them and to realise from these tales of horror what a German triumph would mean for twentieth century civilisation. The burning of Louvain on a miserable pretext puts Germany utterly beyond the pale; retribution must be swift and sure. A horde of American Indian savages in their worst days never surpassed this wanton and ruthless destruction. The Kaiser's appeals to his God, and the nation's talk of culture, are blasphemous mockery. Mr. Frederic Harrison is not alone in his demand that the punishment must fit the crime: St.

Helena or the Devil's Island must, he says, if the Kaiser lives through the war, be his prison and his grave. "The German people will then understand what the civilised world feels about the modern Attila—the new 'Curse of God.'" The Kaiser's worst enemy finds it hard to believe that he is cognisant of the outrages perpetrated in his name.

### How Things Stand

The Germans are pushing the Allies steadily back on the North-East; the French are pushing the Germans back in Alsace-Lorraine; the Russian "steam roller" is crunching over East Prussia; and a furious battle between the Russians and the Austrians has gone heavily in favour of the Tsar's forces. There is much in the present position that is puzzling to the student at his desk. Expectancy is the keynote everywhere. Germany has made a desperate effort to break through to Paris, and it really looks as though she would get very near. The effort must have left her well-nigh exhausted. Are the Allies preparing a coup? If there is any truth in the reports which come from quarters that should be well informed, something is in the air more than aeroplanes. Meantime all that is certain is that Germany has forged ahead in the West at immense sacrifice with what appears an almost superb indifference to the movements on the East. Devoted as has been the stand by the French, it is pretty clear that the British Army has saved the situation during the last fortnight, as Belgium saved it at the very beginning. No wonder the Germans hate us more even than they hate the Belgians. It is galling to a bully to be held up by a third party.

### Women, White and War

Woman as ever is coming out nobly in this supreme ordeal. She can indeed do much to put heart and confidence into her men friends if they be inclined to hesitate, and to make the way easier for him who is anxious to serve King and country at whatever cost to himself. Lord Esher says that at such a time no girl should be seen abroad with a youth who is not wearing the King's uniform. There is no room for a White Feather Brigade in the British Isles just now. Even that sometime keeper of the Nonconformist Conscience, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, admits that this is a righteous war, and invokes all Nonconformists who can fight to enlist without delay. The idea of some Folkestone body that the ladies should present white feathers to men who have not enrolled themselves was, of course, peculiarly silly. All men who have not enlisted are not necessarily funks. With another proposed white emblem there should be general agreement. Certain ladies deprecate the wearing of black mourning for those who fall in battle. A white arm band is surely all that is needed and in every way more appropriate.

### Wanted—An Emergency Act

In an atmosphere of pride and satisfaction at the work of the Army and Navy, it is chastening and



humiliating to hear the appeals of Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener for men, and to read the advertisements which disfigure every motor-car, every hoarding, every newspaper. As we pointed out in last week's ACADEMY, Lord Roberts has been like one crying in the wilderness for years past, and here in the flash of an international life-and-death struggle we are appealing to untrained and therefore incompetent men to come and help the nation out of its possible difficulties. If Mons and Chamai and the Bight of Heligoland are magnificent tributes to the voluntary system, the Prime Minister's assumption of the rôle of recruiting sergeant is a reproach to all who have refused to support some form of universal service. The manhood of the country is not to blame. The marvel is we have so many men ready to volunteer. It is the duty of the nation to defend itself, not of the individual to sacrifice everything in order that others may go about their business or pleasure. We agree with the *Outlook*—an Emergency Act is needed.

### No Compulsion

In a neat little leading article the *Toronto Globe* points out that there was "no compulsion" in the decision of the Dominion of Canada to assist the Mother-country in her tremendous struggle, and that even Lord Kitchener could not call out one company of Canadian troops until Canada gave authority. Yet "an army mobilises by the order of the Canadian Minister of Militia: a million bags of flour go by order of Canada's Government: a half-million bushels of oats the gift of a Province: two equipped regiments of infantry at the charge of two Canadian citizens: several quick-firing batteries furnished by an unnamed Canadian: a whole people, the millionaire and the milkman, the man in the street and the man in the church, the native-born and the alien, each in his place, and all with their hearts serving and sacrificing for the cause they have made their own." What despot ever commanded an answer so prompt, a devotion so loyal, a sacrifice so spontaneous and inspiring?

### Blunder or Design?

People who were out of reach of the war editions of the *Times*, *Daily Mail*, and *Weekly Dispatch* on Sunday last were spared a shock which will not soon be forgotten. The report from Amiens of a disaster which meant the practical wiping out of our Army and a smashing blow at the French was, no doubt, sent in entire good faith, and the *Times* only published it after editing by and at the request of the Press Bureau. It is difficult not to believe that there was something more behind the affair than we have been permitted to know. If it was intended as a recruiting dodge, we can only say that it was brutal as it was significant. It was a ghastly and tragic blunder, and our impression is the tracks are being covered up as decently as may be. For the *Times*, whose caution in the treatment of war news has been exemplary, the experience is one which will command the sympathy of all right-thinking

people. None, we are sure, regrets more keenly the needless pain inflicted, and in the interests of the public and of reputable journalism the matter should not be allowed to drop.

### A Boomerang Campaign

Whatever sympathy we may feel with the campaign which the *Evening News* and other papers have conducted so vigorously against German firms and German goods, it is well perhaps to bear in mind that the sword may prove two-edged. There are heavy commitments in Germany to British houses—especially in such matters as re-insurance—and her failure will bring much misery and even ruin. "Revenge," says Milton, "at first thought sweet, bitter ere long back on itself recoils." In business matters we want to capture all we can from Germany—her trade, her shipping, her colonies. We have too long allowed her, under an absurdly one-sided fiscal system, to secure contracts which ought to have gone to British manufacturers. The trouble is that we shall now advantage one branch of British industry, whilst another goes down with the crash of German credit. As a country we may strike, but we shall also be hit.

### The Party Plague

Wholly deplorable would be any recrudescence of party strife over Ireland at this juncture. The need for closing up ranks is even greater now than it was five weeks ago. We do not care to imitate the *Daily News* in talking of provocation, and we refuse to apportion responsibility for the little outburst of Monday night. Mr. Redmond's and Mr. Balfour's speeches had both better not have been delivered. It is inconceivable to the patriotic mind—and we believe Mr. Redmond is as sincere in this matter as any other leader—that, with the Empire at stake, there should not be a way out without resort to menace of any sort. There must be compromise and there must be peace. Neither side need be called upon to give away anything that it regards as sacred. Party has played the very mischief in the past; we can have none of it in the present; and the less we have of it in the future the better for the nation.

### Bit in the Bight

If the whole world does not listen when Mr. William Watson produces a poem, a fairly large number of literary people are interested; it behoves him, therefore, to be careful of his ways. His stanzas on "The Battle of the Bight" in Monday's *Times* are, to say the least, not good; in fact, two of them are very bad. When we are told that "each rejoicing gun—

Opened its mouth outright  
And bit them in the bight,  
The bight of Heligoland,"

we are compelled to say that Mr. Watson's idea of gunnery is as vague as his idea of poetry, in this instance. Whether he, as artilleryman, bit them in the bight or not, we fear he would never fit them in the fight.



## The German Empire Must Go

FOR both the British and the German Empires overseas the war must have profound consequences. Only in the unthinkable event of Great Britain losing her sea-power can it fail to mean the transference of German colonies either to the British Empire or to France. German possessions outside Europe will continue only on sufferance. What the settlement may be must depend entirely upon circumstances, but that the mailed fist which was to awe—has, indeed, awed—so many native peoples from the Cameroons to Kiaochau and Samoa will, so far as they are concerned, drop helplessly to its owner's side is a reasonably foregone conclusion. It will be the penalty of Germany's miscalculation as to British intervention; her design, doubtless, was first to add French possessions to her own, and later, when our anticipated supineness had made it possible, to strike at places the loss of which would involve the ultimate break up of the British Empire. German ships and German trade are being captured or destroyed; the German Empire must go. Germany's interest in colonies began with the developments which followed the war of 1870; it must end with the war of 1914. Bismarck in the 'eighties declared himself a "no colonies" man, but Imperial ambition—which is only another name for national swollen head—could not content itself with a vast accretion of power in Europe and enormous commercial strides, with which no one would have interfered if they had not been accompanied by a world-menace worse than Napoleonic.

Well for Germany to-day might it have been if Bismarck's famous dictum that the elephant does not challenge the whale had been made the guiding principle of German policy. For thirty years Germany's desire to secure colonies which should be to her rather more than French colonies are to France, if less than British colonies are to Great Britain, has been responsible for keeping two hemispheres on tenterhooks. She has cast covetous eyes on Chinese provinces, on South American States, on countries like Morocco. People whose vision is not blinded by international prejudice have to some extent sympathised with her in her limitations. They have noted her increasing population, and understood that Germany naturally did not take kindly to the idea that her emigrant sons settled under alien flags. As England herself became the home of so many tens of thousands of Germans, who made fortunes by filching our business, the sympathy was possibly a little misplaced. As a matter

of fact, Germany's sons have preferred to settle anywhere rather than under control of the mailed fist.

In the strict sense of the term, German colonies are not colonies at all. Germans make excellent settlers under the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. In South-West and West Africa, in East Africa, Kiaochau, New Guinea, and other places marked German on the map, we certainly do not find colonists, only representatives of the official and military classes. Germany's trade with her overseas possessions was of potential rather than actual great value. In German East Africa progress was largely due to the enterprise of British companies, whose complaints of Government interference have been loud. In West Africa, Germany looked some day to securing both French and British territory, together, perhaps, with the Congo as part of the spoils which her ultimate overlordship of Belgium would bring. In South-West Africa her designs have been thinly veiled. When she had trouble with the natives, she managed to get troops to the spot by the aid of British transports, and her inability to deal promptly and effectually with the rising was a fine commentary on the superior criticism which she never failed to bring to bear on British difficulties in the Boer War. Her aims in South-West Africa have never been disguised. Her so-called colonists were soldiers whose business was not to make the colony flourish by commerce, but to be ever ready to strike at British South Africa. The railway was designed for that purpose. The importance of South-West Africa, we have been told by German statesmen and publicists, is to facilitate the invasion of Cape Colony. Not commercial and economic possibilities were kept in view, but Man Power which would assist the advancement of world-embracing ambition. No secret has been made of the design. Togoland, with its wireless station, was to be the connecting link between Germany, East Africa, and South-West Africa. The scheme was childish, unless Great Britain had made up her mind to stand by with folded arms while the mailed fist gathered in the spoils. German spheres in Africa must end; Japan will deal with Kiaochau; New Zealand has taken Samoa; North-Eastern New Guinea must become British and be handed over to the Australian Commonwealth. That will be gratifying to Australia, and some reward for what she may do in the war. Germany has made the gambler's throw for world power, and the gambler's fate must be hers. There must be no false and sickly sentiment about the settlement.

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## The Citizen Armed

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

OPINIONS formed and firmly held on various matters during times of peace are apt to be suddenly upset when the alarm of war resounds in our ears. A few weeks ago we were concerned with the usual pursuits of summer; the question of holidays filled our thoughts; boating, games, the seaside, all pulled strongly: to-day these things have receded to quite a secondary importance. A strange sense of guilt is felt if we spend leisure on amusements—not altogether warranted, since some small amount of relaxation may be necessary, but a sure sign that more serious affairs are on hand. The least warlike among us owns a feeling that the knowledge of how to handle a rifle is a desirable part of a man's education; the most calmly disposed persons take an interest in the science of gunnery, discuss the use of mines and bombs, and show a nodding acquaintance with strategical and tactical terms, if not with strategy and tactics. All this should be a sign to those who can read portents and who profess to understand character.

Let us admit, at the beginning, that we are not a warlike nation. We are home-loving, peaceful folk, preferring as a rule to go about our own business and to let other people attend to theirs. For that very reason we strongly resent any attempt to interfere with our homes, our peace, and our business, and can, when pressed, become extremely active in defending them. For that reason, again, and for the additional one that it is in our blood to condemn a man who strikes one weaker than himself, we take the side of a country such as Belgium when the stress of events seems likely to overwhelm her. We find England, then, at this moment engaged in a war with a professedly military power, a power long known to be military, but now known to be utterly unscrupulous as well; we find her ready to help the oppressed with a small but splendid army. And, unfortunately, we are compelled to recognise that nine-tenths of that section of the male population physically fit to fight seem entirely unaware of or indifferent to the tremendous gravity of the situation.

The little red-covered volume which forms the text for the present article, issued by the "Voluntary Service Committee" as its Handbook,\* announces as its purpose "to propound the principles of Voluntary Service for Home Defence." It does more than propound them—it backs them up strongly with arguments which might well be considered effectual in times of peace; but in view of the knowledge gained by even this brief month of war, its arguments seem empty. If there is one thing that has been brought home to all thoughtful people who love their country,

by the experiences of the last couple of weeks, it is that every young man in these islands with decent eyesight who is not an invalid, should pass through a period of military training; should be taught to march steadily, drilled, and accustomed to the use of the rifle; and, as far as practicable, should refresh himself in these accomplishments for a short period in each year. Other countries manage this without disturbing their capacity for business and commerce; why should England hold back from Lord Roberts' ideal?

It is a sad experience to watch the groups outside a public-house at closing-time on any night throughout the year. Men of muscle are there in dozens—men of the very class which make the finest soldiers when taken in hand; but in what a pitiful state! Slack, stooping, with eyes that lack keenness, they need just the grooming and smartening which National Service would give them. Half the clerks who pour from City offices and fill the stations on their homeward way have never handled a gun. And now, in this very emergency, the country asks for half a million men. They may be obtained—we do not doubt that the scorn of others will impel some of them if patriotism fails—but they are untrained, and several valuable months must elapse before they are fit to stand in the honoured line.

The writers of this Handbook base some of their strongest arguments upon our possession of a superior fleet. Our fleet is a magnificent asset—that we all agree; but that other questions than that of invasion may arise the present conflict abundantly proves. Had we been able to place an adequate army in the field at the support of our Allies, the battles on the frontiers of France and Belgium might have been decisive; the duration of the war would certainly have been shortened; and some salutary lessons on the question of fair play and the treatment of women and children and wounded might have been rammed into the heads of the German authorities. It is useless, however, to lament what might have been; useless especially, now, to talk pleasantly of "the timidity of the militants of the National Service League," as does this little book. Its authors spend much time in raising objections—on the score of cost, for example; but a month's war has proved so enlightening that we do not propose to discuss them in detail. We fully appreciate their enthusiasm for the Territorial Force, but the prophecies of the "coming war"—such as the statement that our troops will fight against "exhausted and oft-replenished" Continental conscript ranks—sound futile. If there be still a few who hold back from genuinely conscientious motives, or who believe that their religion prohibits them from taking part in or encouraging others to take part in military preparations for the honour of their land, let us in conclusion commend to their consideration the final clause of Article XXXVII in the "Thirty-Nine Articles": "It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars."

\* *The Case for Voluntary Service.* (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)



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**ADMIRAL SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELlicoe, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.,**  
Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet.



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An Open Letter  
to  
Admiral Sir John Jellicoe,  
K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

SIR,—Heartiest congratulations, not merely on the smart action of August 29 off Heligoland, but on at last being able to break silence. We were all—may I say, without being unreasonable?—beginning to ask whether we were ever going to hear from you. From the time you sent that admirably simple and spirited reply to his Majesty's message of God-speed till you despatched the telegram of congratulation and brotherhood in arms to Sir John French and his gallant fellows we had no word as to your movements. For all we were permitted to know, we were as much in the dark as were our forebears concerning Nelson till news came of Nelson's triumph weeks earlier. The silence of the North Sea was almost as uncanny as is wireless telegraphy itself. Britons everywhere were simply aching to get news that the fine fleet under your command had had its chance and added new lustre to the centuries-long roll of glory which is their Navy's record. If we chafed at your inability to report anything of moment, you must have chafed also under the long vigil which the discretionary valour of the vaunted German Navy imposed on you and your watchdogs of the North Sea—a sea never again, let us hope, to be spoken of as the German Ocean.

Your reputation is great. Confidence in you is unbounded. How little a democratic age knows of some of its greatest men! If the average man had been asked on any day late in July who would take command of our Grand Fleet if war broke out, he would probably have answered—absurdly, but honestly—"Oh, Lord Charles Beresford, I suppose!" Few outside the Service had ever heard your name, or they had forgotten it. For the man in the street, you sprang out of Nowhere to take command, and you vanished into Space with the fleet entrusted to your care. To-day he is familiar with such facts as that you were—happily for us—one of the survivors of the ill-fated *Victoria*, that you were wounded going to the rescue of the Legations in Peking, that you are, perhaps, the Master Gunner of the Navy, and that you are still only in your fifty-fifth year.

Of your bulldog British pluck; of such incidents as your devoted efforts to save a steamer's crew at Gibraltar which secured you the Board of Trade silver medal; of your fine services in China which secured you the decoration direct from the German Emperor of the Second Class of the Red Eagle with crossed swords; of the fact that you, like so many of our best, from Nelson and Wellington to Lord Roberts, are physically a small man, most people know nothing. The sweet uses of advertisement have never been yours. Yet we noble democrats who run an Empire ought really to know all about the men in whose hands its fate rests. An eloquent commentary, isn't it, on

our self-government that, when a crisis comes, not the people but the Man steps forth, and he not one who has been elected or selected by the people's suffrage? And what are the people wondering and asking to-day? Is it not whether you are to be the Nelson of an age of steam and iron, of wireless and of airships? Things are so vastly changed that, whatever you and other experts may anticipate with confidence as the probable outcome of a naval battle, there is actually little upon which to base a judgment. The blockading of a Brest or a Toulon depended on the way the wind blew; the blockading of the Elbe depends on the efficiency of mechanism which is superior to winds and currents. The human factor is probably pretty much the same; the conditions in which it works have been revolutionised. If Anson and Hawke, Jervis and Nelson could revisit the glimpses of the moon on the seas which their doughty deeds made English, they would be as hopelessly out of it as the man who "handled the ribbons" on the box-seat of the old stage-coach would be on the footplate of a North-Western engine. England called herself Mistress of the Ocean in those days; she rode the billows and performed physical marvels; but with the advance of science she has harnessed natural forces more remarkable still, and, with them at command, Britannia still, we hope and believe, rules the waves.

Precisely what the engine forged by Admiral von Tirpitz in the glowing embers fanned by the German Navy League can do we have yet to see. The first taste of the quality of the ships and men who are yours to command may make the German fleet more anxious than ever to continue the game of hide-and-seek whilst the men on stricken fields do the deadly work of making or marring an empire. Until last Friday it began to look as though you were to be called upon merely to seal the Elbe and the Skager Rack. There would be nothing in that to appeal to the popular imagination, but those of us who have given time to studying these things recognise that the consequences of such work might be as momentous as a successful battle. To keep the Seven Seas open—and that is what it would amount to—is salvation. Some of the worthiest achievements in our naval history, in my humble judgment, were those of great captains who never fought a big battle. No man in the Seven Years' War rendered better service than Charles Saunders, who for two years held the Straits of Gibraltar. He never succeeded in coming to blows, as Hawke and others of his contemporaries did. To hold watch and ward as you have been doing is at least as nerve-trying as to be confronted by the might of the enemy's fleet, and it is unquestionably disappointing when, to paraphrase Horace Walpole's saying of Saunders, "you would love no dish so much just now as a German."

Wishing you a continuance of the good luck which waits on the sort of efficiency and courage you have never failed to show,

I am, Yours obediently,  
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

## REVIEWS

## A Native Race

*The Khasis.* By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. T. GURDON, C.S.I. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

IT has often been alleged, without much truth, that the officials in India, especially the District Officers, do not know the peoples committed to their charge, and that the administration is not in touch with the native population. This book affords some evidence to the contrary; it is one of a series of monographs on the more important tribes and castes of the Province of Assam, which for some years have been under preparation in the hands of writers possessed of special and intimate experience of the races to be described. The monographs are being prepared on a uniform scheme of treatment, prescribed by authority. They aim at recording the fullest information obtainable of the people, their manners and customs, their ethnological affinities, their laws and institutions, their religious beliefs, their folk-lore, their theories as to their origin and their language. Apart from the practical usefulness of such compilations to successive generations of officials, they contain much matter of great interest to all students of ethnography, primitive beliefs, indigenous customs, and the progress of civilisation.

The Khasis are the inhabitants of the Khasi and Jaintia hills district, in which Shillong, the capital of the Province of Assam, is situated, a district of some 6,000 square miles, largely composed of plateaux varying in height from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. The population being sparse, the Khasi inhabitants only number about 162,000 animists, or spirit-worshippers, and 28,000 Christians—for the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Mission has worked among them for more than seventy years. About half the district is outside the limits of British India, consisting of a collection of small States, in political relations regulated by treaty with the Government, which enjoy almost complete autonomy in the management of their local affairs. In the remainder, called the Jaintia Hills, which became British in 1835, it has been, says Sir Charles Lyall, who knows the country, the wise policy of the Government to maintain the indigenous system of administration through native representatives who preside over large areas of country with very little interference. *Fortunati nimium sua si bona norint.* Peace and protection are guaranteed by British rule; they can develop their institutions on native lines; no wonder the district has advanced, to a very striking degree, in prosperity and civilisation during the last half-century. The natural cheerfulness of the people, the sufficiency of subsistence, chiefly secured by agriculture, and their simple life combine to present a picture of idyllic happiness. They cannot be expected to be perfect. Generally good-tempered, they are occasionally prone to sudden outbursts of anger, accompanied by violence.

They are, moreover, hard drinkers (like other dwellers in hilly countries) and consume large quantities of spirit distilled from rice or millet; two kinds of rice-beer are commonly brewed, and are necessary for religious ceremonies of importance. The writer states that a Khasi in the villages could get drunk for threepence, and that the cheap but strong spirit is demoralising the people. If greater restriction of its use would be welcomed by many, as alleged, it is surely desirable that the Government should take action. Unfortunately, too, the Khasis are fond of litigation, and "as regards truthfulness, the people do not excel, for they rarely speak the truth unless to suit their own interests." So wrote an experienced officer, but *per contra* it is urged that the Khasis are not less truthful than other Indian communities. Perhaps this is not saying much.

The origin of these Khasis is a very vexed question; their general belief is that they were immigrants, not autochthonous; there is no record of their journeys. It is supposed that they are an offshoot of the Mon people of Farther India. The last scientific researches point to their language being included in the group of cognate languages which have been named Austro-Asiatic, reaching from the Panjab to the Malay Peninsula. This does not convey much meaning to the ordinary mind, and the specimens given afford little light. Khasi names of men begin always with a big "U," standing alone, but it is only near the end of the book that this is explained to be a pronominal prefix denoting the masculine gender, with corresponding prefixes for feminine and diminutive words. They have a vague belief in a God the Creator, but such is the influence of the matriarchal system which obtains that the deity is frequently regarded as feminine. In their animism they propitiate spirits, both good and evil, on certain occasions, principally in times of trouble.

They adore the memories of deceased ancestors by means of offerings; worship numerous gods and goddesses who have to be propitiated; hills and rivers are regarded as the abodes of godlings. Divination is universally practised by various methods; it is an almost everyday occurrence, in a Khasi house, and always precedes sacrifices. Nothing considered to be of the least importance is done without breaking eggs. The omens are drawn from the dashing of an egg on a board with considerable force, and from the results of the act. An ordinary cock is treated as a mediator between God and man. There is supposed to be a covenant by which God has accepted the cock as a substitute for man's sins of omission and commission; in fact, the cock is the foundation of the Khasi religion. A cock is sacrificed at a death, the idea being that it will scratch a path for the spirit to the next world. Besides their religion and superstitions, taboos, under various names, entail a number of prohibitions. These may apply, generally, to articles of food or to association with foreigners, or specially to the rite of marriage, or to many matters of daily life, such as taking or giving anything with the left hand or stepping over anyone's body. The dead are carefully preserved in stone sepulchres, but the hills are studded



with memorial stones dedicated to the worship of ancestors, in the shape of innumerable monoliths, menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, some of considerable size, of which many were overthrown by the earthquake of 1897. The head of a State is a Siem or chief; heirship to the Siemship is through the female side. In one State there is a High Priestess as spiritual head, who delegates the temporal power to a male relative. At one place there is a group of stones, originally thirty, erected to the memory of a woman who, ages ago, had thirty husbands, not by polyandry, but by establishing a record in divorces. The folk-tales quoted, with parallel translations, will appeal to some persons. A moral to be drawn from the book is that the more these simple people can be left to themselves the happier they will be.

### War Facts

*The War Book of Facts.* (Wm. Dawson and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

A READY reference book to all that affects the forces, the commerce, and the finances of the nations in this greatest of wars was badly needed. In this admirable compilation we are given all the essentials. It contains some 3,000 facts and figures. It is a Who's Who, a general history, and an up-to-date survey rolled into one volume. A brief account of the events which led up to the war will make matters plain to any—and there seem to be a good many still—who have not quite understood what it is all about. The short biographies of leaders like Mr. Churchill, Sir John Jellicoe, Lord Kitchener, General Joffre, General French, General Leman, and others will be turned to again and again as events bring one or the other into prominence. For instance, there is Rear Admiral Sir David Beatty, the leader of the exploit in the Bight of Heligoland. "His well-known courage and dash should find full scope with the splendid battle cruisers in the squadron of which he is in charge." Admiral Beatty has not been slow in giving proof of the soundness of that prediction. Modern strategy, a military glossary, and statistical summaries of the commerce and finance of the nations now at grips will certainly be of value to students and publicists. As to the cost of the war, it is estimated that it will be not less than £4,500,000 per day if it is prolonged. It will take Europe a generation to recover from so wasteful an outlay. The cost of a big naval engagement is put, in ammunition alone, at £6,400,000! Some of the scare articles on British credit which have appeared in the Press may usefully be judged by the more sober considerations advanced in a chapter on the stimulating effect of war on Britain's foreign trade. From both a military and a commercial standpoint "The War Book of Facts" seems to have been most carefully edited. There is a good map of the war area. The book should be on every business and public man's desk.

### Rolling Up

TO OUR MEN AFIELD AND AFLOAT.

We are rolling up behind you, lads. You need not be afraid.

We are coming in our Tens of Thousands strong. You have blown the loud "Assembly" and the call shall be obeyed;

We'd be cowards if we left you to it long. Ev'ry fizzing man amongst us with the strength to bear a hand

Has a thirst for war that nothing else will quench, And he'll "put in" to his limit, on the sea or on the land—

He'll sign on for either Jellicoe or French.

So, bucket them! my hearties. Give 'em pepper piping hot!

We're as proud as two-tail'd peacocks of you lads who're on the spot;

And we're training now like demons to report all fit and fresh.

We've been with you in the spirit—soon we'll join you in the flesh.

We are rolling up behind you, lads. We know we're rather late;

But, thank God! thrice gallantly you've held your own.

You have checked the would-be World-Boss, foaming, fuming, at the gate—

Did you think that we should leave you there alone? Lads, our women-folk who love us—mothers, sisters—bid us serve;

And our sweethearts else would spurn us from their charms.

'Tis for Liberty and Honour that we're rolling up with verve

To the fighting British Family in arms.

So, bucket them! my hearties. Tear 'em up for all you're worth!

Convince the children-slayers they're not wanted on this earth.

We are straining to be with you. All our hearts are in the van.

We're in sober—deadly—earnest, and we'll join you to a man!

W. H. GADSDON.

We are informed that married men, and those having dependents, serving in the Territorials or Reserve Forces of Army and Navy, in the employment of Mackie and Co., Distillers, Ltd., White Horse Bonded Stores, Argyllshire, Glasgow, Liverpool, and London, will, till further notice, receive full pay, which will be given to their dependents. Their berths will be kept open for them on their return, and in future a preference in employment will be given by the firm to men who are serving or have served in the defensive forces of the country.

## The Theatre

### Sorrow's Antidote

THE second attempt of this season to keep the flag of the stage flying, while so many others are riddled with bullets, was welcomed with sustained applause. "My Aunt," at the Vaudeville Theatre, is, of course, as unlike Sir Herbert Tree's national play as well could be, but the essential effort to keep the public interested is the same. The adapters have taken in hand Monsieur Paul Gavault's "Ma Tante d'Honfleur," and have made of it an extravagantly amusing farce based on well-known conventional lines, and yet most freshly set forth and full of happy wit and strange, if rather mechanical, adventure.

With such a play you must be prepared to abandon yourself entirely to the will of the excellent actors and the humours of the adaptors, Mr. Sydney Blow and Mr. Douglas Hoare. In a period such as the present, the gay, light fun of this French play may well prove of especial value to Londoners who need relaxation from the realities of life. Mr. Mark and Mr. Sydney Blow, who present this lively edition of an even more sparkling original, have seen to it that we shall not notice any unreality in the progress of the play, for they have provided players who can convince us against all reason or any rubbish of that sort.

Foremost is Miss Lottie Venne, who makes the title-rôle of the play one of the most vivacious and droll and, in a way, wise and generous characters she has ever presented to a delighted audience. The aunt from Exeter is uncommonly smart, both without and within—Lucile attends to the charming dresses—and is deeply interested in her curious nephew, Aubrey Braxton, Mr. A. W. Baskcomb. Both these actors make very real and quite unconventional people of their characters. Just as Miss Venne is always acute and amusing, Mr. Baskcomb is ever ready with a new kind of worried hero, who happens upon the strangest situations and yet manages to appear absolutely natural. Every other character is also played with marked liveliness and force.

There is laughter from beginning to end; no moment is without its mirth, and the sentiment of the various lovers is not without a satirical note of merriment. Miss Gould is broadly comic as a queer journalist, and Miss Yvonne Garricke as Suzanne, a little French milliner deeply involved in the love plot of the play, is vivacity itself, and with the others keeps the play going at a rapid pace. A beautiful young widow, eventually devoted to Braxton, is made appropriately attractive by Miss Madge Saunders, in delightful frocks; and the servants of Mr. Denton and Miss Kathleen Gower are most engaging studies. The only part we felt otiose and flat was that of the excellent actor, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who was welcomed as an old-fashioned doctor and quickly developed into a bore. But there was very little of him, and as his scenes were with Miss Venne, who has most of the

best lines in the play, he was easily forgiven. The dialogue and action are brisk throughout, and the characters well sustained.

### "Laughter in Court"

by Mr. John Kendall, preceded the amusing farce. It is a sort of weak satire on the reported humours of stipendiary magistrates, and shows the Nemesis which may await them. But, alas! the play is not funny nor very well acted, although here and there are seen some slight signs of character-drawing, especially that of his Worship, acted by Mr. Sam Wilkinson. He certainly does give us an occasional glimpse of a personality, as when he says to the unpleasant guest, whom the magistrate has previously annoyed in court, "I'm a bachelor, and therefore fond of his home." But when we recall the many clever short one-act plays we have seen during the last few years we regret that the present management of the Vaudeville has not been a little more fortunate in providing the opening entertainment for the cheaper parts of the house. One charming thing the managers of the Vaudeville always do for those who, like ourselves, will no longer pay 10s. 6d. for a stall: they provide those welcome musicians, the Sinfonia Quartette, for the entertainment of early comers to their theatre; never were they heard to greater advantage than on the first night of the new Vaudeville management.

EGAN MEW.

### Help the Prince of Wales' Fund and Get Value for Money

THE ACADEMY asks every one of its readers to secure a new subscriber to the paper for the next four months, under a scheme to benefit the Prince of Wales' great Fund.

The subscription for the four months is  $4/3$  (including postage,  $5/-$ , abroad  $5/8$ ). From every new subscription we receive to the end of the present year we will deduct  $2/10$  for the National Relief Fund.

There are few readers who could not get three or four new subscribers for this period. Three new subscribers means  $8/6$  to the National Relief Fund. One thousand people sending in three new subscriptions each would give the Fund £425. Who would mind  $5/-$  when it secures value for money and more than half goes to the good cause? The new subscriber *will* get value for money. We shall retain 1d. only of every 3d. subscription. It is not often that one has the chance of helping so great an end with so little cost to one's self. Here is the chance!

Get your boys and girls to canvass, and remember that, if the new subscriptions to THE ACADEMY amounted to 10,000 in number, there would be **£1.416 13s. 4d. for the Prince of Wales' Fund.**



# "Academy" Acrostics

## CONDITIONS

THERE will be 12 weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £5, £3, and £2 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC (Eleventh of the Series)

### Christmas!

- (1) When you write, if you pen an illegible letter,  
To do this instead were undoubtedly better.
- (2) Beyond dispute, this one is genuine.  
(If you can give the answer, then you win!)
- (3) It is part of yourself; 'tis a braggart; a leaf;  
'Tis handled, and up in the roof it may be,  
It cuts and is cut, and I ask for belief  
When I say, though it's ground, it is worked in the sea.
- (4) This should be never talked about,  
And, if you guess it, then it's out!

### WARNING!

(Each light's solution, here selected,  
Must have its head and tail rejected.  
That is to say the Uprights run  
Through letter two, and last but one.)

E. N.

## SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A simple riddle; what's the answer?  
Now, prithee, give it, if you can, sir!

What Jewish priest ought, and ought by his name (don't ignore  
The hint!) to suggest that he sounds like an aviator?

(It will probably help you, so, here let me state,  
You had better refer to *Leviticus viii*).

- (1) Here's trouble, in short; take care, don't be caught,  
For much may to comedy change it, if you  
Will, lastly, just write about nothing. (*I do!*)
- (2) A light weight; one for boxing matches tried,  
Whose lead, in this case, stop, and thrust aside.
- (3) You're sure to see this anyhow,  
'Tis what our eyes are doing now.
- (4) I am setting a setting, a tight one, I own;  
Though it mayn't weigh an ounce, it can carry a stone!
- (5) Place foot of this on head of that,  
And nothing you'll be getting at!

E. N.

- (1) A d O
- (2) A l U (minium)
- (3) R eadin G (or Regarding)
- (4) O uc H
- (5) N ough T

Notes.—(1) "Much Ado About Nothing" (Shakespeare's comedy). (2) Aluminium matchboxes (for "boxing matches tried"). Minium is another name for red lead.

Proem.—Aaron "and ought by his name" gives Aaron-ought, which sounds like aeronaut.

Solutions to No. 9 ("Safety Flying") were received from Albo, Chutney, Enos, Fin, Jorrocks, Jim, Kamsin, Mancuni, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Pussy, Mrs. A. Rogers, Sadykins, Spider, Strum, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wiccamicus, and Wilbro.

# At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

THERE are some men who are always against their own country. They do not seem able to side with the land that bore them. If there is the slightest chance of picking a hole they seize the opportunity to do so. A careful study of the White Paper gave such an opening to Keir Hardie, and on Thursday week he cross-examined Sir Edward Grey as to why he did not act on the suggestion for peace made by the German Ambassador—or put before the Cabinet proposals of his own which would be acceptable as a basis of neutrality.

The House growled, and Tim Healy asked sarcastically: "Are Socialists in the Reichstag allowed to put questions like these?" Even Pringle, his dull face red with passion, denounced Keir Hardie. "You said in a Scotch paper that Germany made proposals for peace," he hissed. They were so close together that one could not catch all that was said. Keir Hardie protested, and Pringle bending down over him said, "You coward!"

Grey explained his position and incidentally pointed out that an important telegram he sent to England never arrived! Asquith reported that the British had behaved splendidly in the terrific battle against terrible odds on Wednesday. Winston, who was bubbling over, announced that we had occupied Ostend with Marines, and that the *Highflyer* had sunk the armed liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, which had done a good deal of damage in the South Atlantic.

Then Asquith made a speech of sympathy with Belgium; it only lasted five minutes, but it was perfect in its way. He showed clearly that no self-respecting nation could for one instant have accepted the degrading alternative offered us by Germany, and that is why we drew the sword and threw away the scabbard. We cheered like mad, and I saw tears in some eyes. The Prime Minister's dogged courage stirred us all. As the cheers died away he added: "We do not repent our decision." Bonar Law followed in a speech equally brief and to the point, calling the Empire to arms. Redmond supported the resolution. "Why not make the loan a gift?" he said.

Emergency legislation followed. Postal Orders were being stopped as currency, and were to be gradually withdrawn.

Power was given to magistrates to close the public-houses earlier if they think fit, although I see no occasion for any such legislation at present. Tim Healy thought the temperance people were trying to advance their views. However, the Bill had a second reading.

In the lobby and the smoking room are scores of men who are dying for something to do. "They are like hounds with their tongues hanging out of their mouths," said one sporting Member with a turn for apt description. They all feel that they are men of ability and of organising power, that they are men of expe-



rience and business aptitude. They see a number of departments all obviously over-worked, and yet cannot get employment. They don't want pay, but they restlessly feel they ought to do something. Applications to the Leaders on either side or the Whips are useless. "I will see;" "By and by;" "Presently;" "I will make a note of it," are the replies. A few men have jobs: a famous K.C. is at work at a desk in New Scotland Yard looking after Special Constables; a young naval critic has been taken into the Admiralty and looks mysteriously important. The Unionist leaders are on one or two Committees, but the House as a whole is eating out its heart in idleness. A few energetic ones have been up and down the country recruiting, but that is stopped until the Whips meet and "make it uniform all over the country."

On Friday we met at 12. Lord Charles Beresford warned the Home Secretary that if he did not deal more effectively with alien spies the public would take the law into their own hands.

There was a lot more emergency legislation which I really cannot trouble you with. The earlier closing of public-houses during the war was agreed to on condition that they were not closed before 9 p.m. There was a County Court Bill to help small debtors. Landlords and hire furnishing people cannot seize furniture without the consent of the County Court Judge—and so on. In spite of a war that is rapidly developing into one of life or death to the Empire, John Bull is determined to make everything as snug and comfortable and fair to the people at home as he can.

In the Lords, Kitchener said two divisions are coming from India, and we had a reserve of 12,000 British to fill up the gaps in the fighting line. Since Disraeli brought the Indian troops to Malta when he threatened to repeat the "guilt and folly of the Crimean War," if necessary, we have never consented to the use of Indian troops in our wars; but it is idle to stand on questions of this kind when the French are using African Turcos. The Prussian, with his dread of the bayonet, will not like the Gurkha or the Sikh. The former "jabs upwards," I fancy one of Kipling's heroes explained.

On Monday we had an ugly scene; I confess I feared it, and I think I have shown it in my past letters. It was decided by the Prime Minister to adjourn for ten days, and everyone hoped no question would be put as to Ireland. For three weeks there has been what Lord Rosebery once called "a peace of God," and the House has been at its best: patriotic, hard-working, and showing a united front. We all hoped that in the face of a foreign foe the two parties in Ireland would agree to terms that would be acceptable to both, or at least adjourn their differences until the war was over; but it was not to be.

Asquith, in moving the adjournment, was placability itself. He said there was no desire to pass the Irish and Welsh Bills by a kind of snap prorogation, and he hoped that there would be a settlement of both Bills in the course of the adjournment.

Bonar Law took the same line. "It would be a dis-

grace," he said, "and the country would not easily forget it" if the House was once more plunged into acute controversy.

John Redmond was very smooth-tongued, but underlying it was the plain intimation that the Home Rule Bill must go on the Statutes at once: "We shall be 'loyal,' but you must give us Home Rule first," was what he meant. He quite recognised that there must be an Amending Bill, but we must trust him and allow Home Rule to become law.

Some of the Ministerialists cheered. This roused Arthur Balfour; he asked why should the question be raised at this crisis. All parties had agreed to suspend political hostilities. He referred to the fact that many M.P.'s had gone to the war to fight for the Empire, and now a maimed House of Commons was asked to discuss Home Rule.

It is obvious that by far the largest number of those who have gone to the front are Unionists, and this reference touched some of the Radicals to the quick. McCallum Scott yelled "Shame!" Mr. Balfour looked untouched at the outburst his words had provoked. Joseph Walton, who rarely speaks now, accused Balfour of rendering a disservice to his country, saying that "he had refused to act on the advice of his King"—a statement that was incorrect in fact, and brought a rebuke from the Deputy Speaker.

The uproar grew worse. Ginnell blurted out the truth when he said they wanted the Home Rule Bill without the Amending Bill at all. Sir Henry Dalziel said our Colonial brethren and the Irish in America would turn against us if Home Rule was not granted. George Cave's quiet judicial voice was heard next. He warned the House of the peril of such a debate, and urged that the discussion should stop.

His level tones were like oil on troubled waters. Everybody trusts and likes George Cave; he is obviously fair and just. Asquith warmly supported what he said. "Here we are face to face with one of the most critical periods in our history; our people are united as they have never been before, and is this," he asked, "the moment to indulge in an acrimonious discussion on domestic politics?" Many of us felt it was not.

On Sunday the *Times* and the *Observer* published some sensational articles hinting that our army had been almost destroyed; their posters were even worse. Harry Lawson, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has had a long experience in journalism, generously defended the Press Bureau presided over by "F. E." He thought, however, that some of their actions were wrong; for instance, he thought it a mistake not to allow experienced and discreet war correspondents to go to the front, when after a battle every Tommy and sergeant sent home his experiences to his family, who sold them to the halfpenny papers, and conveyed impressions, read by thousands, which must be circumscribed and were generally ill-informed.

"F. E." said that he had not sought the responsible office he held; he had worked harder at it than ever he

had worked before in his busy life. Perhaps he had made a mistake to allow those particular articles to appear; if so, he was sorry; but as they gave no information about the disposition of our troops, he thought it did not matter, and incidentally might help recruiting.

We had hoped that the sitting would be over in an hour. Owing to these things, we sat till five-and-twenty minutes to one in the morning, and went away sadder than we arrived.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE ROAD TO PARIS

THE latest official information available at the moment of writing as to France is such as to warrant neither optimism nor pessimism. At the same time there is enough evidence to justify confidence in the ability of the Allies to maintain intact their defensive front. This front, as all the world knows, extends from a point in the west somewhere south of Amiens in a half-circular sweep to the right by way of St. Quintin, Mezieres, the upper Meuse, and so through Verdun and Toul to the French Vosges.

When war, with its vast and complex machinery, is waged over so wide an area, it follows necessarily that force must expend itself against force, and tide ebb and flow, at many points before anything of a decisive character can be achieved. Up to the present the Allies may be said to have held their own, and this at enormous cost to the enemy. It is impossible to form an opinion as to how long the Germans can continue to support so tremendous an offensive in certain zones, but in the absence of radical improvement in the position of the Allies it would be dangerous to count upon any immediate weakening in attack. The German General staff can afford to allow a considerable period to elapse before they put into operation their already settled plans for meeting the Russian invasion in the East. In that period they will do all within their power to accomplish their supreme purpose in France. That purpose, as we stated last week, is to bring about the disintegration and demoralisation of the French Army and its Allies.

Whether or not they are to succeed in this object, the next few weeks will decide. We must bear in mind that nothing short of such a colossal achievement will repay them for their perilous adventure into Belgium and France. But it is an achievement for which the German Army has been organised for the past forty years, and in full reflection we say that it is underrating the prescience of our enemy to believe that allowance was not made even for the contingency of delay brought about by the Belgian resistance. We must not permit ourselves to be lulled into a false sense of security by those who, making much of the admittedly vital question of time, assure us that the plans of the German General Staff hopelessly miscarried from the moment that the forts at Liège opened fire on

massed formations of German infantry. Miscalculation there was; but it is improbable that this miscalculation has not already been corrected by a foresight which provided enough men in the Active Army and its reserves to meet all, or most, eventualities. Perhaps in one or two matters the German estimate, elaborate though it was, has gone astray. We refrain from discussing strategical possibilities, but there is still to be considered a factor highly important as bearing upon the success or otherwise of German calculations. That factor lies in the extraordinary resistance with which the Allied Army has met the onslaught. Has not, we wonder, the moment already passed which, as the Kaiser and his advisers confidently expected, was to witness the demoralisation and rout of French and English soldiers before the German hosts? If that be so, then it is an elementary proposition to state the day of reckoning with Germany is approaching nearer and nearer as our ability to remain simply on an effective defensive continues. Whatever else may happen, even though our troops be driven back from the line we have already indicated, even though Paris herself is to suffer the desecration of German occupation, if only the Allied Armies are able to maintain their integrity in the open field, then victory in the end will be ours.

It does not follow by any means, however, that such an exacting price must be paid. By this time the Allied Commanders know well the main objective of the German attack, and will have strengthened their positions accordingly. In the South and East, from Toul to Belfort, the seat of war situated farthest from the capital, the fighting is likely to be prolonged and indecisive. Moreover, in the region between Metz on the one side and Toul and Verdun on the other the forces of both armies operating from fortress bases will in all probability be able to hold their ground, or vary it in accordance with the general conformation of the opposing fronts which sweep westwards in a curve to the Allied left flank. It is, we believe, this latter sphere which contains the theatre of decisive action. In that corner of France bounded on the north by the Duchy of Luxemburg and Belgian Luxemburg, it is known that a strong army led by the Crown Prince, and with communications secure through both territories, is aiming a powerful blow at the French centre. So far as information carries us, the offensive in this quarter has been checked, but for reasons vital to the success of German plans this offensive will be renewed with the utmost severity. In order to realise fully the truth of such contention we must turn to the operations of the German armies on the right, where more ground has been gained than in any other part of the field.

It is here that we shall find, as the Allied Commanders have already found, the main purpose of German strategy. That purpose, plainly put, is to concentrate a maximum of superior strength along our extreme left with the object of envelopment. Whether this object can be achieved without actually piercing our front depends entirely on the forces at our enemy's



command, and we must not be surprised if the attempt is made not only to break through, in spite of previous failure, but simultaneously to sweep round from the West. To meet such a movement it is certain that the utmost provision has been made. That it is adequate, no man can say with certainty. The Germans know that their plan is revealed, and hence it is that the attack on our centre and, for the matter of that, all along the line will redouble in fury; for the whole field of battle, and particularly that part of it which is in nearest lateral communication to the threatened flank, must be kept fully occupied if a turning movement is to be accomplished. Bearing in mind the all-important factor of time, together with the knowledge which experience has brought of the fighting defensive of which the Allies are capable, it is almost reasonable to assume that Germany's only hope lies in the complete success of such an operation directed upon this particular quarter. The attempt will assuredly be made, possibly before these lines are in print; but not until it has been made and has succeeded can we say that the road to Paris lies open. We trust that France may be spared this bitter trial, but, even should it come about, it will prove the last offering to the overweening arrogance of the world's enemy, and a prelude to his fall.

## MOTORING

DEALING with the methods of transportation in the theatre of war, a writer in the *Times* attributes the extraordinary rapidity of movement of the German patrols to the extensive use made by them of motor cars, powerful machines carrying eight or ten men as well as a quick-firer. As soon, he says, as possession has been taken of a village or a new stretch of country reconnoitred, a number of armoured cars are sent along to the next village in front, followed by a cavalry patrol. This, of course, strikes terror into the rural population, and brings it home to them as nothing else would that the enemy has arrived. Indeed, there is now no doubt that the extraordinary rapidity of some of the German movements must be attributed entirely to the co-operation of the armoured motor cars with cavalry. Of course, in addition to the armoured cars there are many ordinary unarmoured machines used. These are all eagerly sought out, a notable instance being the commandeering of all petrol-driven vehicles which remained in Brussels when the Germans entered.

There has been a good deal of speculation recently as to whether or not the great annual international motor exhibition at Olympia will be held this year, and there is a widely spread impression, based upon statements that purport to be authoritative, that it is definitely "off." Enquiry in the right quarters, however, shows that this rumour is without foundation, and that up to the present the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which organises these shows, has not arrived at any official decision in the matter. So far, the

arrangements for the holding of the big show from November 6 to 14, and the light car and motor cycle show from the 23rd to the 28th, have not been cancelled, and the probability is that, in the absence of any drastic and unexpected alteration in the course of the war as it is proceeding at present, they will both take place. It would, indeed, be a great pity for the industry as a whole, and more especially for the British industry, if they were abandoned; for, as the *Autocar* points out, abandonment would be taken as tantamount to a declaration on the part of the manufacturers that they expected to sell no cars next year, and that therefore they had made no improvements for 1915 really worth showing.

This impression would naturally tend still further to intensify and prolong the depression from which the business in private cars has suffered since the outbreak of hostilities. So far as the British manufacturer is concerned, abandonment, or even postponement, of the Show would seem on the face of it to be the missing of an absolutely golden opportunity of bringing the British-made car into exceptional prominence, owing to the practically complete elimination of Continental competition. The German element will of course be out of it entirely, whilst the French and Belgian makers—both formidable competitors in the motor market—will also, unfortunately for them, be unable on this occasion to put up any serious opposition. It has been suggested that we ought not to take advantage of the misfortunes in which our French and Belgian friends find themselves, and that it would be a graceful act for us to give up the Show because they are so severely handicapped at the present time. But this would surely be carrying good feeling to a Quixotic point. Even our allies themselves would not expect us to practise such self-abnegation in a purely business matter.

There is, moreover, something attractive in the idea of our holding an annual event like the Motor Show, just as if nothing had happened, in the midst of an epoch-making war in which we ourselves are vitally engaged, and in which our very existence as a nation is at stake. As a demonstration to the world of British phlegm and imperturbability it would be hard to beat. To sum up, there does not seem to be any valid reason at present for the abandonment or postponement of the Show.

What may be regarded as the "official" collection of war poems—since it contains two by the Poet Laureate—will be immediately issued under the title of "Poems of the Great War" by Chatto and Windus. It will contain, besides Mr. Robert Bridge's contributions, poems by Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Alfred Noyes, and other well-known authors. A striking cover design is provided by Mr. William Nicholson; the price will be 1s. net, and the entire profits will be handed over to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund.



## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange Committee has at last done what should have been done the first week that the House was closed. It has asked the members to send in a statement as to the amount of stock they have outstanding and the amount of loans that they have either made or received from banks or lenders of money. When the figures are complete we shall probably know exactly how we stand, but until then nothing can be done. It is pure guess-work to speculate as to the size of the commitments now open in the House, and the amount of money lent to the Stock Exchange. All kinds of schemes have been put forward; one gentleman proposes that a trust be formed and that the Stock Exchange subscription be raised in order to meet the interest on such a trust, but this gentleman very much under-estimates the amount of the open account. I do not believe that it is possible to carry such a financial operation to a successful issue. Indeed, I do not believe that any power on earth can help the Stock Exchange; certainly one half the members are hopelessly insolvent, and the other half have either no money or have borrowed large sums from their bankers. There are very few firms who could write a cheque for the whole amount they now have open with their clients and still have some capital left. Of course a great many clients will pay up gradually; no one expects that everyone will refuse or find himself unable to pay for the securities he has purchased either as an investment or as a speculation.

The committee does not intend to open the Stock Exchange if it can help, but I am convinced that the longer the House remains closed the worse will be the damage when the crash does come. It is always better to face a disaster boldly; running away never pays. If the banks will give the brokers and their clients time, a large proportion of the open account can be liquidated. A certain proportion will be a total loss; some brokers think that 50 per cent. will be lost; others put it at 25 per cent., but everyone admits that the loss will be great.

War utterly destroys all credit. This is the history of all great conflicts, and no amount of argument can possibly evade the issue. To patch up a panic is always foolish. Credit once destroyed can only be rebuilt by persistent and long continued labour. The war is likely to last three years, and all securities may be confidently expected to shrink in value by at least 50 per cent. before peace is proclaimed; therefore wise people will exchange such paper securities as they possess for agricultural land, which will certainly rise in price as food becomes scarcer.

The Government seem to me to have acted in a foolish manner from the very beginning to the very end. It was wrong to proclaim a moratorium, because this compelled an extension of the Bank Holiday. The banks should have been kept open, and they should have been supplied with paper money the moment it was seen that a panic was pending. No foresight was shown; everybody knew that war was certain, and that if it came panic must follow. The

Bank Rate should have been raised to 10 per cent. the week preceding the declaration of war, the Bank Act should have been suspended and paper money issued. It is senseless to reply that it is easy to be wise after the event. Dozens of people in the City knew what was going to happen. If they did not know they could have read the forecast in THE ACADEMY, which was quite clear.

When the Government found itself faced with a banking panic it closed the banks, allowed the Stock Exchange to close, and issued a paltry amount of paltry notes. In issuing these notes it did its best to invalidate the issue by charging the banks 5 per cent. interest payable monthly, or equal to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. How could they expect banks to advance freely to their customers unless they charged at least  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the advances when they themselves had to pay the Government  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ? The bank-notes should have been issued at nominal interest, say 1 per cent. That would have permitted a reasonable profit on all advances. Not only had the banks to pay  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but they had also to give a floating charge on all their assets, and this floating charge is to be legalised by an Act of Parliament. I consider that the whole thing deserves the severest condemnation.

Then, again, the question of the Bank of England buying bills "without recourse" was handled without discrimination. It was well known that the banks and acceptance houses held large quantities of foreign paper. The Government decided that it would purchase this foreign paper at the expense of the ratepayer. This it did through the Bank of England, which it guaranteed against loss. Everyone in the City knew that the transaction was amateurish in the extreme, and there was not a single banker or financier who did not immediately plant upon the Bank of England all the rubbishing bills in his possession. This week we read that the Bank has gone back on its word and gives notice that all bills that it has bought "without recourse" will be debited to the firms if they are not paid at maturity or re-accepted. How the Bank can possibly do this I cannot see. Indeed, no one in Lombard Street thinks that the notice is seriously meant; but it shows how muddled both the Government and the Bank of England must have become.

I repeat that my plan was the only business proposition that would have helped us: to issue 50 per cent. of the face value of trustee securities in currency. Such a plan would have given all the banks ample funds, would have prevented any run, and would also have saved such of the discount houses as are solvent. It is no use trying to bolster up absolutely insolvent firms, and a moratorium only makes things worse.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PRECAUTION!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Some people are puzzled that the German Navy does not come out and fight. Is not the explanation that it does not want to be sent to Jellicoe? Yours truly,

BRITON.

### PERIODICALS.

*Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest; Fortnightly Review; Bookseller; Educational Times; Collegian; Vineyard; Crucible; School World; Second Report of the Association Concordia of Japan; Nineteenth Century and After; English Review.*



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